

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7, 1889.

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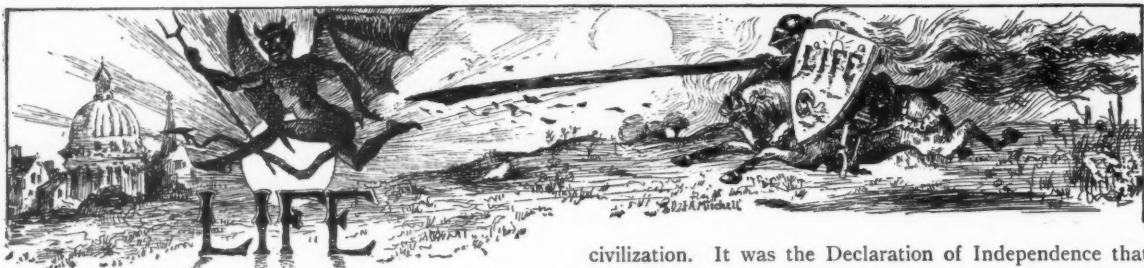
NUMBER 319.



Mr. F. Swinelander Pugg (who speaks French): I DONT KNOW what TO TAKE FOR BREAKFAST.

Waiter: MONSIEUR DESIRERAIT PEUT-ETRE DU JAMBON AVEC DES OEUFS?

Mr. F. Swinelander Pugg (who speaks French): NO, I HATE THAT; GIVE ME SOME HAM AND EGGS.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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THE Lord Mayor of London has just given a farewell banquet to the American Minister to England, Mr. Edward J. Phelps, one of the most consistently un-American envoys who has ever misrepresented the United States in a foreign country. Mr. Arthur Brisbane, a very American young man, who, as correspondent of the *Sun* in London, has done patriotic work in the promotion of Americanism, cables to his paper concerning this compliment to Mr. Phelps, as follows: "There were present at this dinner more acknowledged great men than have ever before attended a Lord Mayor's banquet, and this goes to prove that Mr. Phelps has obtained a very great hold on English society and England's great men, such a hold as need not be hoped for by any American of real American individuality, any envoy who may be a representative at the same time both of his country and of his Government."

THIS state of affairs must suggest to all true Americans that there is an opportunity here for President-elect Harrison to render his country a great service by sending to the Court of St. James "an American of real American individuality," and one of sufficient strength of character to come in contact with the institutions of royalty without succumbing to them. He need not necessarily be an uncultured product of the soil, who wears his trousers in his top-boots, and tucks the end of his napkin into his collar at dinner, but such a representative, if he took a proper pride in being a sovereign rather than a subject, and believed in the superiority of his own form of government over even an only nominal monarchy, would further the cause of democracy to a greater extent than a republican of culture and polish who is overcome by the pomp and ceremony of court, as James Russell Lowell and Edward J. Phelps have been.

AMERICANS are accused of being conceited about America. If we were all consistent Americans we could not be conceited enough. Our forefathers started the movement that is bound, sooner or later, to revolutionize

civilization. It was the Declaration of Independence that gave the down-trodden French courage to throw off the yoke of monarchism, and it was the success of the French that made the Reform Bill possible in England and emancipated the people from political tyranny. The elevation of the condition of the people in almost every country of Europe during the last century is the direct result of the moral and intellectual courage of the great men who first bid defiance to kingcraft in the American colonies. What nobler, grander result has ever been accomplished for the cause of humanity?

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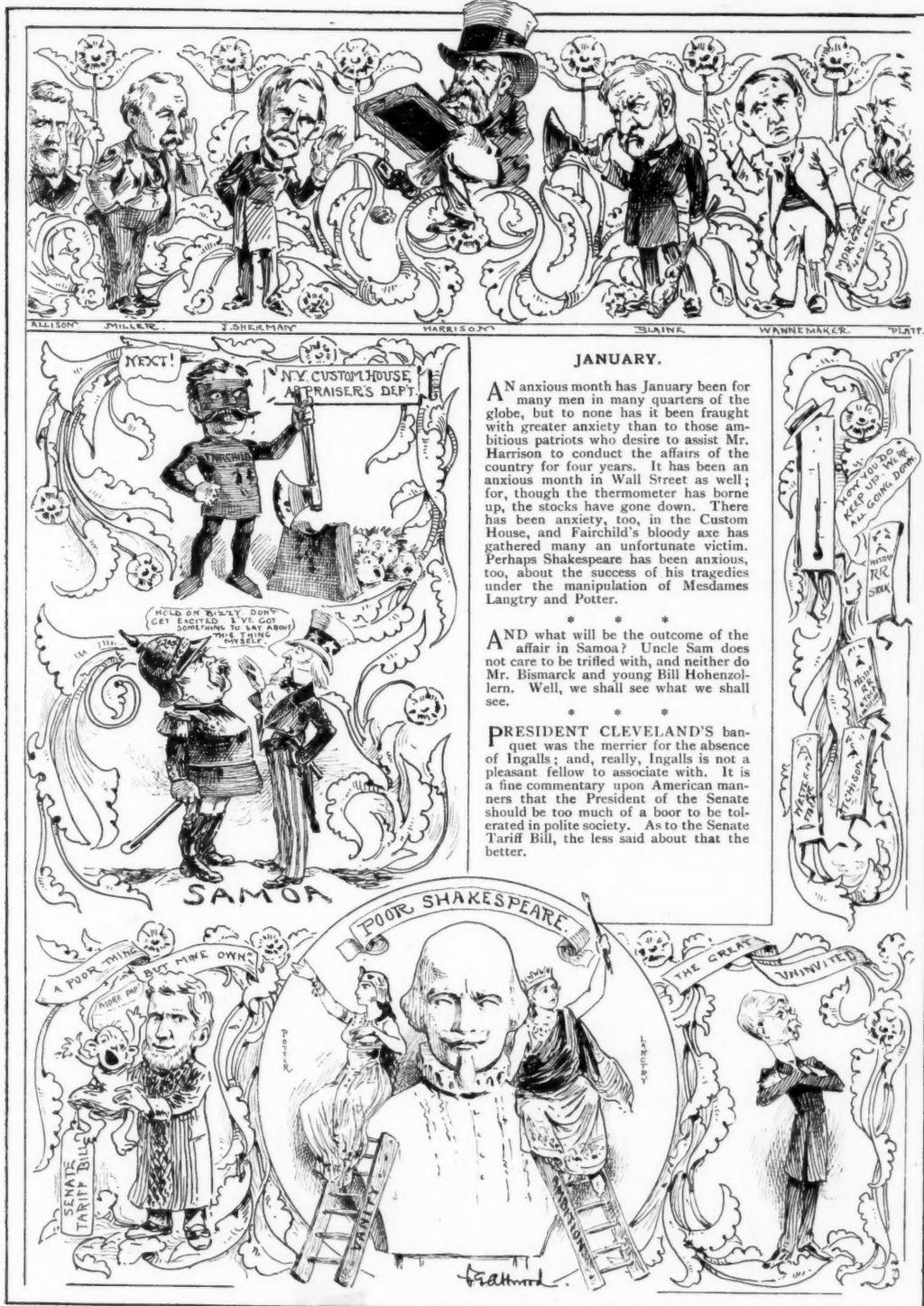
WE have said that if all Americans were consistent in their Americanism we could not be conceited enough; but, as Mr. Howells has pointed out, we are a race of snobs. We all have yet a sneaking reverence for rank and title, although we have demonstrated to the world that only where rank and title do not exist may the highest plane of manhood be reached. Therefore the sovereign goes among a race of subjects acknowledging fealty to an out-worn and debasing system of government, is overcome by the glitter and tinsel, forewears his Americanism, and is the most ashamed of what he should be the most proud. This is the truth concerning nearly all of our most illustrious men, incongruous and unfortunate as such a condition of affairs is. Our greatest statesmen, most famous men of letters and most powerful kings of finance prize more highly the honor of being presented to the Prince of Wales than that of meeting the men of the highest talent and intellect in Britain—if we are to judge by the pride with which they nurse the memory of the occasion. And yet the Prince of Wales, judged by the standards of Americanism, is an extremely paltry fellow, a man of limited intellect and moral perception, possessing not one qualification that goes to constitute natural greatness or nobility.

* * * *

IF Mr. Harrison is able to find an American who can go among the English aristocracy and retain his Americanism, he will deserve better of his country than if he should solve the tariff and surplus problems. We do not want another toady to British institutions as American Minister to England. Better far would it be to break off diplomatic relations altogether.

* * * *

AMERICA ought to be able to produce an American "of real American individuality" in the higher walks of life. If she cannot do that, if culture is to mean the diminution of the American spirit, we would better have less culture and more patriotism.





THE BARBER'S CONFESSION.

POLITE am I, yet seldom let
A chance to cut a friend escape;
And, though I am a man of peace,
I oft am looking for a scrape.

A detailed black and white illustration of a butterfly resting on a leaf. The butterfly has large, patterned wings. Below it, a magnifying glass and a pencil are resting on a small, flat object, possibly a book or a piece of paper.



According to that eminent and worthy divine, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby—if he is rightly quoted—the trouble with the stage is the women on it. He holds himself opposed to actresses, amateur or professional, for he says when Euripides was the Henry E. Abbey of Greece, and the drama was at its very top notch, no women were allowed to appear; but Aristophanes, with his bouffé performances, changed all that, and the dramatic degradation that has continued down to our time ensued. Thus, he observes, “to the introduction of women on the stage does the stage alone owe the low, sensual plane it occupies to-day.” And he adds:

"The more notoriously and flagrantly does an actress outrage the claim of virtue and modesty, in just such a measure does she succeed."

As for the latter statement, the Doctor's enthusiasm seems to us to have carried him away. Unless he uses the word "succeed" in some peculiar patent-applied-for sense, that observation really cannot be sustained. The Johnnies may go and gape at an actress who outrages the claims of modesty in her performances, but, dear me! to be gaped at by Johnnies isn't success. It may bring its pecuniary reward, but pecuniary reward is no more in itself an adequate test of dramatic success than membership in the Players' Club. Take something that really is a test—the approval of William Winter, for example. Can that be won by dint of "outrages on virtue?"

Scarcely, Dr. Crosby, scarcely. Only one actress that we recall has won it in an exceptional degree, and that—you know, reverend sir, that that lady is the chaste and frigid Miss Anderson.

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REMEMBER, esteemed and venerable sir, that over in the front part of the Bible some nameless sage has made the same generalizations about the world that you utter now about the stage. It was a nice world, with no sin in it, till Woman was introduced. Then the trouble began.

The world without women might be ever so innocent, but wouldn't it be too dull to dwell in? The stage might not, perhaps. If Dr. Crosby will cause a strictly masculine

performance to be opened somewhere, we can judge better. Try it, sir; but when you drive out all the other females, spare us, good Doctor—spare us, at least, Our Mary, Ellen Terry and Rosina Vokes.

OUR perennial exemplar, Colonel (and Brevet Reverend) Shepard, in a recent address, in which he urges that the sanctity of the Sabbath shall be held in due regard,



"What was the result? Just as you would have expected, the railroad went into bankruptcy. The Lord blew upon it and it failed. What is the case now? The new management stopped all that business. * * * And the result is that the road is making money. Is there any doubt as to whether the Lord has put a blessing upon the keeping of the Fourth Commandment?"

On general principles, Colonel, let us hope there is no doubt. But, as for the particular instance you mention, might it not be argued that when the tunnel caved in at West Point and stopped a very important part of West Shore traffic for months, it indicated that the present management of the West Shore still fell short in important particulars of being satisfactory to the Almighty?

THE EVOLUTION OF THE PROFIT.



She: Why, Ulrich, you never told me this was to be a masked ball.

Ulrich (in tragic whisper): Hush! That is the Vicomte de Grosnez, with his own face.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

IS marriage a failure? I fancy, if so,
It beats a success any bachelors know;
What 'tis to be wedded unknown is to me—
I have a good notion to try it and see.
My sweetheart's so sanguine she ventures the guess
Our failing together would be a success!
I've nothing to lose, and I blush as I own
That I am a failure when taken alone.

Lee Fairchild.



BRET HARTE'S STORY OF "CRESSY."

TO have written more than twenty volumes of stories, long and short, with a handful of similar characters for the figure pieces, and the Pacific slope and the Sierras for a background, is the creditable achievement of Bret Harte. The unusual phase of it is that the last of the series, "Cressy," has almost the charm of novelty for the reader who has been long familiar with the author's manner. You sit down to it knowing by heart the tricks of dialect, description and character which will fill the pages; perhaps you are conscious of them for a chapter, and a little weary, but you turn a page or two, and the spell is woven. Like *Uncle Ben* in the story, you are attracted by the open door of the school-house "and the restfulness and the quiet and the gen'ral air o' study." The *Filgee* boys amuse you—*Rupert*, handsome and impatient of his girl-admirers, and the inquisitive *Johnny*. And when *Cressy* enters, with "a flutter of skirts like the sound of alighting birds," you are already an inhabitant of Tuolumne County, California, and for two or three hours the world for you centres around Indian Spring school, on the edge of the pine woods, and the schoolmaster's romance. (Houghton's.)

* * *

THAT is the test of success for a teller of stories; there are other tests which the critics apply, but around the fireside they don't count. The critic might say that *Cressy* was an ignorant and silly rustic beauty, and that *Ford* was a weak man of sentiment; but the fireside group would laugh him out of court:

"You horrid critic! Don't you know that *Cressy* was beautiful and true, and deeply in love with *Ford*; that she was so full of delicate feeling that she would not marry him because she knew that he would find her a burden upon his ambition? Cannot you admire the great sacrifice she made when she married another man to save *Ford*?"

* * *

IF the critic says that this is very bad morals, and certainly rather "tough" on the other man, the fireside group will frown upon him, with their hands upon their hearts, while they chant the praises of Self-Denial.

It will probably take another generation to rid women of

the idea that self-denial is a supreme virtue, to be practised indiscriminately. Meantime, if the novelist would please them, he must allow his heroines to wade through rivers of needless sacrifice.

One's pity should not be for these martyrs to a delusion, for they have the ecstasy of martyrdom to console them; but the men who are the victims of this caprice have only their sense of humor as a compensation.

* * *

IT is not quite fair to say that this delusion is only feminine. In one of the best of Henry James's short stories, "The Path of Duty," there is a male victim of the hallucination. He is drawn with such delicate satire that you almost pity him, and are suddenly conscious of the weak spot in your own armor.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS

CRESSY. By Bret Harte. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
A Stiff-Necked Generation. By L. B. Walford. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Louis Lambert. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormely, with an Introduction by George Frederic Parsons. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Last Chance Junction. By the author of "Cape Cod Folks." Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

John Brown. By Dr. Hermann Von Holst. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

A Shocking Example, and Other Sketches. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

DOING THEIR DUTY.

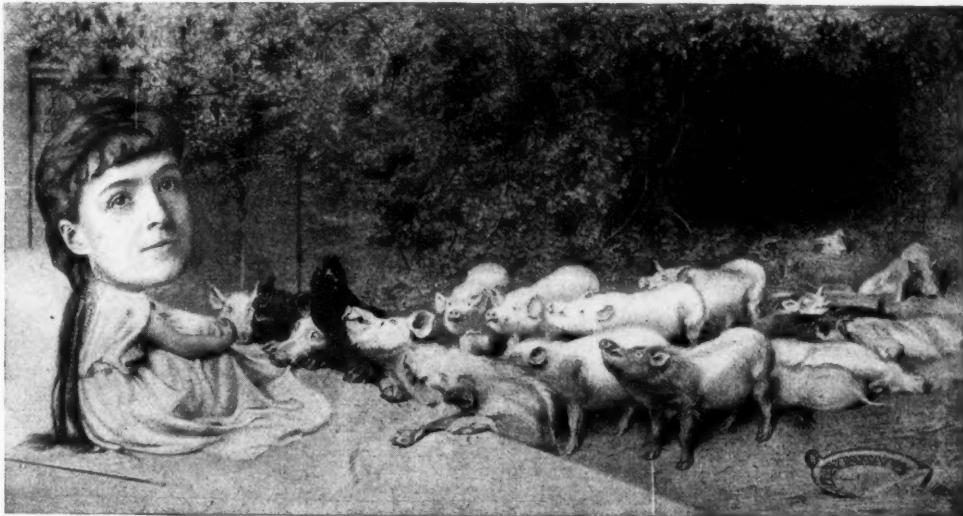
THEATRICAL MANAGER: I'm terribly pinched for money. The chorus is beginning to kick.

BACKER: Well, isn't that what they are hired to do?



"SCHLAF WOHL."

Frances (after first week of new German nurse): MAMMA, WHAT DOES MINNIE MEAN BY SAYING "SLOP-BOWL" TO ME EVERY NIGHT?



LIFE'S GALLERY OF BEAUTIES. No. 4.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER, *née* Urquhart, *nom de baptême* Cora, came upon this cheerless and unsympathetic earth with a lofty mission to fulfil. Even in her tenderest months, the months of flannel, milk-bottles and soothing-syrup, she had a purpose in view. Often she lay in her tiny crib in deep contemplation, with an undeveloped thumb in an immature mouth, only to break finally into wild outcries. And, as Pere Urquhart, with muttered curses, arose from his downy couch and turned up the gas, he little thought that his offspring was grieving over the decadence of the drama, and repining that so many years must elapse before she might reach womanhood and elevate the stage.

Often, while she was still young and thoughtless, before she was able to talk or communicate impressions to her relatives and attendants other than deep emotion caused by pins or gastric disturbances, she felt impelled to send for a newspaper reporter and confide her purpose to his secretive bosom. But, when discretion came with her first teeth, she resolved not to disclose her high aims until she should have an opportunity to discuss the matter with Mr. A. E. Guelph, who was then performing the duties of his situation as Prince of Wales, and who, though not connected with a newspaper, possessed considerable influence with theatrical managers, and had dead-head seats at several London theatres.

The time came at last when she was able to consult Mr. Guelph; and, that benevolent gentleman approving her plans and promising to exert his influence in her behalf, she at once proceeded to Paris and spent several weeks at the Worth School of Acting, graduating with some of the most illustrious costumes ever seen in any drama.

At present she is still elevating the stage; and, though the jaundiced envy of the rest of the dramatic world—which has bought up the newspaper critics—has prevented her receiving the laurel crown thus far, she is ready to put it on when the time comes for her disinterested efforts to receive proper recognition.

It is with genuine pleasure that we record that Mrs. Potter's disposition is not corroded by the acid of ingratitude. She is still kind to the Prince of Wales, permits him to call upon her when she is playing in his town, and leaves orders at the box-office to give him seats for his friends or his family as often as he cares to attend the performances.



A REGULAR FREEZE-OUT.

Traveler: SAY, BOY, WHAT ARE YOU SITTING THERE FOR? YOU'LL FREEZE TO DEATH.

Boy (between his chattering teeth): WHY, DE OLE MAN TOLE ME FER TO TAKE DER PUP OUT AN' DROWN HIM; BUT DE ICE ON DER CREEK IS TWO FEET THICK, SO I THOUGHT I'D SIT HERE AN' FREEZE HIM TO DEATH.

• LIFE

which



Albert E. Sterner.
1899.

NATIVE OF

LIFE.



IVE FOREIGN?



FROM A REPRESENTATIVE BOX-HOLDER.

THE following letter, which appears exclusively in LIFE, was the first cause of the agitation which almost brought about a different method of managing the lights at the Metropolitan Opera House:

OFFICE OF THE STRANDED OIL CO.,

NEW YORK, January 19, 1889.

TRUSTEES METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE,
New York City.

Gents: When my family prevailed on me to put up the money for an opera-box, it was the understanding that it would give the old lady and the girls a chance to show their diamonds and their Paris clothes. Them gew-gaws represent a good deal of an investment, and if they can't show 'em at the theatre and the opera it don't pay no return. When you go and shut off the lights during most of the performance, just so a lot of beggars in the gallery can see moonlight on the stage, you ain't givin' us fellows who foot the bills a fair shake, nohow. It's bad enough to let 'em hiss at us when we try to have a little fun in the boxes, but I draw the line at makin' us keep still and puttin' us in the dark, too. If they don't like our way of runnin' opera, why don't they have an opera of their own, and not let in anybody but deaf and dumb and blind people?

I'm gittin' sick of bein' dictated to by a lot of folks who come to the opera to listen to music, and won't put up another cent unless we can have the gas turned on all the time. This means bizness, and don't you forget it.

Yours truly,

I. GOT THERE.

P. S.—I think you give us altogether too much opera in proportion to the amount of bally.

Metcalfe.

SO artistic a dramatic performance as Mr. Maurice Barrymore's impersonation of *Wilding* in "Captain Swift" at the Madison Square Theatre is not often witnessed in New York. The polite ruffian is a hard part to play. The actor must steer with extremest caution between Scylla and Charybdis in order to avoid being maudlin on the one hand or brutal on the other. Mr. Barrymore's dramatic craft is depredated by neither monster. He is a manly, and not a coarse, villain in the villainous parts, and he is the heroic ideal of the lover in the sentimental passages. In the pathetic scene where his mother discloses their relationship, he does not once approach bathos, though it is a situation that a less intelligent actor would be sure to mar by rant-

ing or over-acting; and throughout the play he is consistently the repentant rogue, endeavoring against hope to down the ghost of his terrible past, and make himself worthy of the woman he loves.

Perhaps the actor's face and figure have much to do with the success of the part. He looks the romantic character he portrays, but it needs the skill of the studious and conscientious artist to produce the impression he creates. To hold the interest and sympathy of an audience in so gloomy a part as that of *Wilding* in "Captain Swift" is the surest test of artistic ability.

A LA MODE.

"WILL you be my wife,
Be my very own?
It's a dreary life
That I live, alone."

Her reply to me,
Dainty, perfumed note—
"Yes, dear. Come and see
My Directoire coat."

Wm. Clyde Fitch.

AN UNCUT JEWEL.

"DARLING," he said, "I cannot show my great love for you by rich diamonds and jewels, but you know the strong, manly heart is a gem of no insignificant worth."

"Yes, I know that," she said, "but you wear that on your sleeve."



GETTING THE BEST OF HIM.

Mr. S. : Waiter, take this stuff away; I'd just as lief eat so much garbage!
Waiter (who has heard him before) : Yessah. But Dar's no countin' for tastes, sah.



THE WORKINGS OF TIME.

Mrs. B.: THAT COUPLE ACROSS THE STREET ARE GOING TO CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR WEDDING. I WONDER HOW LONG THEY HAVE BEEN MARRIED.

Mr. B.: THIS MUST BE THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY, BECAUSE I NOTICE THAT SHE SITS AT THE WINDOW EVERY EVENING AND WAITS FOR HIM TO COME HOME.

Mrs. B.: IF THEY HAD BEEN MARRIED AS LONG AS WE HAVE, THE POOR THING WOULD HAVE TO WAIT FOR HIM ALL NIGHT.



THE HONEYMOON.

[SCENE, the Catskills: TIME, the present: HOUR, 10 A.M.]

He (with a slight shiver): SHALL WE RETURN TO THE HOTEL NOW, BIRDY?

She: OH, NO, ALGERNON. I LIKE THE SOLITUDE OF THIS SPOT SO MUCH. LET US SIT HERE UNTIL DUSK AND THEN SLOWLY MEANDER BACK TO THE HOTEL; IT'S ONLY A WALK OF FOUR OR FIVE MILES, AND IT WILL GIVE US AN APPETITE FOR DINNER.

(And as the snow kept falling, falling, falling, Algernon muttered something very much like—)

FROM THE FRENCH.

A DRAGOON, slightly drunk, was vainly trying to mount his horse, calling loudly on the saints: "Saint John, help me! Saint Peter, assist me! Saint Paul, come to my aid!"

By a mighty effort he jumps clear over his horse, then, turning around:

"Gently, gently, my friends," says he, "not all at once!"

A POINTED MORAL.

"WE should never complain, whatever may befall us," said the minister. "The moment we grow dissatisfied we become unhappy."

"Do you really think so?" she sighed.

"Yes," returned the good man; "the first woman who complained of her Lot was turned into a pillar of salt."

THE LADY OF LYONS—The Lioness.

TIME FLIES—Minute insects.

HEIR OIL—Castor oil.

THE POWER OF A SMILE.



THE POWER OF MUSIC.

THE SUN HAD ALREADY SUNK IN THE WEST WHEN THE CONVICT RETURNED TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE. DURING THE MANY YEARS OF HIS CONFINEMENT, HE HAD HARBORED BUT ONE IDEA—THAT OF REVENGE. AS HE NEARED THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE (WHICH, BY THE WAY, HE HAD MADE UP HIS MIND TO FIRE) A BELL FROM A DISTANT SPIRE BEGAN ITS SLOW AND SOLEMN PEAL. A FEELING WHICH THE CONVICT HAD NOT FELT IN MANY YEARS FILLED HIS BREAST. HE STOOD ROOTED TO THE SPOT, AND TEARS, HOT TEARS, MOISTENED HIS CHEEKS. WHEN THE BELL HAD CEASED ITS TOLLING, HE HASTILY WIPE HIS EYES WITH THE BACK OF HIS CALLOUSED HAND, AND EXCLAIMED: "MY HEART IS SOFTENED; I WILL NOT SHED BLOOD TO-NIGHT—I WILL ROB INSTEAD!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J-S. G. B-E, Augusta, Me.—We are sorry we cannot indorse your application. Buy a portfolio at some book-store.

J-N W-N-M-K-R, Philadelphia.—Yes, we think \$100,000 was a good deal to blow in on an uncertainty; but, cheer up, there is still hope. Anyhow, comfort yourself with the thought how many more c-ll-rs and c-ffs you will sell.

J-N SH-M-N, Washington, D. C.—Your subscription received. We feel confident that you will find, as a politician, that LIFE is exactly what you want.

B-N H-RR-S-N, Indianapolis.—1. We cannot give you the desired information. Consult the nearest furniture-maker. 2. A swallow-tail coat and a white necktie. 3. No, we do not think a Highland fling would be appropriate to the occasion.

J-N L. S-LL-N, Boston.—Try Apollinaris. A wet towel is good, too.

J-C-B K-LR-N and CH-L-S M-TCH-LL.—You are right. We think a sharp line should be drawn between the product of the budding rose-bush and that of the buoyant hen as a tribute from the gallery to the stage.

MRS. J. B. P-TT-R, N. Y.—Yes, we think the newspapers have been guilty of needless asp-erity in their criticisms.

Richards.

“MAN'S inhumanity to man” gives the police force employment.





TOMMY DISAPPOINTED.

"I WANT to see the wheels go round,"
Said little Tommy Green;
But father had a reason sound
Why the wheels should not be seen.

For mother sat beside him there,
And on the inside case
Of his gold watch was pictured fair
Another woman's face.

—*Jeweler's Weekly*.

"No," said the actor as he trod wearily over the railroad ties,
"I am not looking for Jay Gould, but I've been on his track all day." —*Sun*.

PHYSICIAN (arousing a tramp one morning from a nap on his doorstep): Here, what is the matter with you? Can't you move more lively?

TRAMP: I'm feeling pretty bad, boss, and can't be expected to move in a hurry.

PHYSICIAN: What's the matter?

TRAMP: I've been at death's door all night.—*Boston Budget*.

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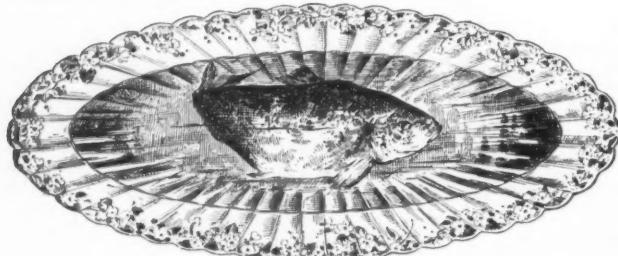
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NEW YORK.

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Ornaments; lay forth the GOWN."
—*Taming of the Shrew.*

"And gentlewomen wear such gowns
as these." —*Taming of the Shrew.*



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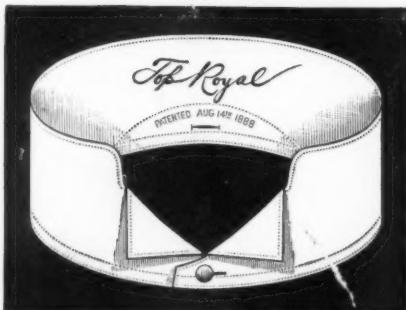
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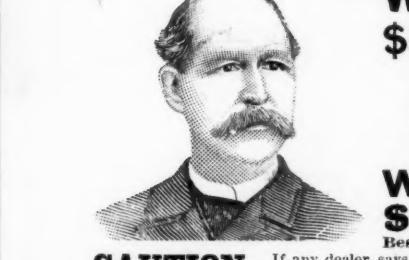
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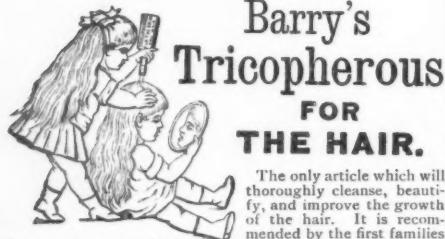


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